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THE
HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES
OF THE
ANCIENT VILLA
OF
WHEATFIELD,
IN THE
COUNTY of SUFFOLK.

— *Ex fumo dare lucem.*

HOR.

First Printed in the Year 1758.

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HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES

OF THE

ANCIENT VILLA

OF

WHEATFIELD



COOKING

By Mrs. J. Cook

Esq.

Printed in the Year 1758.

T O

The Right Honourable

L O R D * * * *

My LORD,

I VENTURE into the Ocean of Antiquities in Confidence of your Lordship's Humanity and great Judgment; relying on the former to hold me up, if you see me sinking; and on the latter to distinguish me from the many Logs, and drowned Puppies, bobbing up and down upon the same Element; and upon both for Your Excuse of this Presumption.

Your Lordship very well knows, that Studies of this Kind are apt, in their own Nature, to introduce Familiarities, not nicely regardful of Distinctions; because it is oftentimes necessary to be free with Kings, and great Men; by making them older, or younger, better or worse, as it best suits the Purpose of the Antiquary: There is also something *levelling* in these Enquiries; where we find Rottenness and Corruption, Dust and Ashes, to be equally
the

the Fate of the Emperor, and the meanest of his Vassals.

But not to found my Apology wholly upon such mortifying Reflexions; Permit me, my Lord, to plead Your general Civility to Strangers, and Your indulgent Partialities to all Men embarked in the same Studies with Your Lordship: Permit me likewise to plead the Merit of a Performance, which retrieves the proper Name of a most important Village, and delivers down to Posterity the Antiquities of a Place unnoticed by former Writers. To these Considerations let me add the infinite Labour, as well as Usefulness of such Discoveries.

I cannot conclude this Address without joining my hearty Wishes, that, for Your Lordship's Amusement, some Hill may open itself, and pour forth Treasures and Curiosities, not inferior to those of *Herculaneum*; and that Your Lordship may live to be Yourself a most venerable Piece of Antiquity.

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted

Humble Servant.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is a customary Respect generally paid to the Reader to give him, by way of Preface, some Account of the Book he has been at the Expence of purchasing, and purposes to be at the Trouble of Reading: I call it *Respect*, in concert with my Fellow-writers; but I do not, in the least, desire him to entertain a more favourable Opinion, either of my Manners, or of my Regard for him from this Circumstance; for I can assure him, we durst not hazard our Works into the World, absolutely upon their own Bottom, but are obliged previously to point out the Beauties, &c. lest they should not strike the Reader so forcibly as, perhaps, they have us, the Authors, or Editors.

As this is one Reason, and generally the principal one, for Prefaces, so there is ano-

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ther,

ther, a much more humble one, which indeed gave Birth to this; and that is to acquaint the Publick with what Labor, Injury to Health, and Loss of Eyes I have finished the following History. Indeed, courteous Reader, I have spent the major Part of a long Life in this Study, and I have inverted, as it were, the very Form of my Body in your Service; which was once plumpish, and inclining to fat upwards, but by my Sedentari-ness is now fallen downwards, to the no small Increase of my Legs. When I first engaged, I had Eyes of my own, but now I cannot see, even with the Assistance of Art: I have gone from Spectacles of the first Sight (i. e.) the least Magnifiers, to the third and greatest Magnifiers: The Chevalier *Taylor* gives my Eyes over, and my *Optician* writes me word he can grind no *higher* for me: Thus in endeavouring, according to my *Motto*, to bring to light the hidden Things of Darknes, I have lost my Sight; for which I hope you will settle a small Pension of your Candor upon me.

I will say nothing of the Usefulness of these Discoveries, because I must, at the same Time, publish my own Importance, and Services to the Publick; but was I not restrained by this consequential

consequential Mode of Modesty, I should make no Scruple to assert, that Researches of this sort tend more to the illustrating History, and ascertaining the Dates, Progress, Settlements and Customs of our Ancestors, than all the *Rapins*, the *Echards*, and the *Cartes* put together; for *they* appear to me not to have dug up their Materials themselves, and not to have been very choice of whom they had them: An Indolence and Indifference always fatal to History; for when *dig we cannot, and beg we are ashamed*, much depends upon the Abilities of the Antiquity-maker from whom we steal.

The particular Motives that induced me, at this Time, to publish the following Work, were really no other, than to establish the World in their present Belief of Antiquities, which I greatly suspect some ill-designing Men, both at Home, and Abroad, are now endeavouring to subvert: The Foundation of these my Fears is, partly, the uncommon Application of Men to *Novel-writing*; for though these Books come out under the Pretence of Diversions and Amusements, I am very apprehensive some latent Malevolence at Antiquity lies couched under it; (an Artifice very

common in the World) and partly, the seeming Humanity of the *Swedish* Physician, who recommends Iron, instead of Brass Implements in Cookery; for though in a Patriot-view we may think him promoting the Iron Mines of his Country, or in a benevolent one, the Life and Health of his Fellow-creatures, yet I wish his main Design be not levelled at Brass and Copper, in order to discredit those noble Monuments of Antiquity, such as Coins, now remaining in these Metals; and particularly as he lays the greatest Stress upon the Unwholesomeness of the Rust and Verdegrease Suffusions, which make these Coins so very valuable. I should be glad to find these Apprehensions of mine groundless; but the same indirect Attack (invisible indeed to common Eyes) we are told, has been made upon Protestantism by Father *Hardouin*, and upon Christianity itself by Dr. *Middleton*.

But to give a more explicit Account of myself, and this Work, in the Words of a great Antiquary of the present Age.

“ It being my Lot to be fixed in the Villa
 “ of WHEATFIELD; and finding that it
 “ abounds with many curious Materials, which,
 “ if

“ if digested, might be of Use to present and
“ future Generations, I thought I could not
“ better employ my leisure Hours, than in
“ compiling this Book, which I now offer to
“ the Reader.”

“ It might have been more compleat, if the
“ Records of the Parish had been carefully
“ kept.”

“ In this laborious and toilsome Work,” [I
cannot lament that alas!] “ the *Greatest* En-
“ couragements I have received, have been
“ [*only*] repeated Acts of Beneficence, and good
“ Preferment;” [for in Truth I have not been
favoured even with such Trifles.] “ Nor in
“ other Respects can I boast of much Encou-
“ ragement; for I have not [one] Subscriber;
“ and the Expence of this Book, even allow-
“ ing nothing for my Time and Pains, every
“ understanding Person may judge.”

“ This Want of *due* Encouragement hath
“ retarded for some time the Publication of
“ this Book, (while I was hesitating whether I
“ should commit it to the Press or the Flames)
“ but the World is no Loser by that Delay;
“ since it has afforded me full Leisure, and

“ Opportunity to perfect this Work to the
 “ utmost of my Power ;” [because such Hesitations *naturally* promote uncommon Diligence and Application to perfect a Book, equally poised, between the Fire, and the Press.]

“ By the Advice of Friends I have chosen
 “ to print it in” *Quarto*, * “ as the most com-
 “ modious Form ; and though it be but thin,
 “ it contains as much as might have been run
 “ out into a more bulky *Octava* ;” [because one forth of a Sheet contains two eighths, and one fold more of the Paper would have made the Bulk just double.] †

----- *Si de quincunce remota est*
Uncia, quid supereft ---triens.---
 ----- *redit uncia, quid fit ?*
Semis.

HOR.

* This Tract was first printed in Quarto.

† See the Preface to the History, &c. of Colchester, by P. M.
 Printed at London 1748.

Extracts

Extracts of Letters, &c. to the AUTHOR
and EDITOR.

I Cannot but congratulate the present Age, that such a Genius for Antiquities is risen amongst us : from whose Researches and Discoveries the World may expect much publick Service. *Mañe virtute esto.* A. B.

I Have read over your History, &c. of WHEAT-FIELD, and, next that of *Calcheſter* in the Year 1748, I think it the beſt and moſt uſeful Book that has been written, of many Years, upon that Subject.—I am certain your Dedication can give no Offence, though you had not ſpecial Liſenſe: I ſhould be proud of it, could it be transferred to

B. C.

I Muſt not forget to thank you for the Loan of your Antiquities, &c. I hope you intend to make them publick ; the Chain, as far as it continues whole, is excellently diſpoſed, and where broken, is happily amended by natural Conjectures ; and your Stile, like the Emblem of your Subject, *ſerpit humi*, as well as the beſt of you Contemporaries. I wiſh, contrary to my Expectations, the ungrateful World may pay you for your Labours.

G 4

C. D.

To

To the unknown AUTHOR and EDITOR of
the HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES of
WHEATFIELD.

SATURN, or Time, no more shall Britons fear,
Drawn are his Teeth, and run is his Career ;
No longer fierce the Column to consume,
Or dusty o'er the Heroe's nodding Plume.
By you set free, and, prompt at your Command,
See Pillars, Columns, Arches cloud the Land !
Heroes, that long in Dust and Ashes lay,
Start from their Tombs, and cry, Come, come away.
You give Oblivion nought but trivial Things,
Songs to the Fair, and Birth-day Odes to Kings.

D. E.

On the Same.

OLD Time, with your Scythe, and your Snake,
and your Glass,
Have a Care of yourself, there's a Snake in the Grass !
A Snake like the Serpent in MOSES's Hand,
That will eat up your Snake at the Word of Com-
mand.

E. F.

Ad Eundem.

QUUM potis es seclis tritis revocare nitorem,
Heu ! quondam formæ prisca Corinna petit.
Ars tua nil magni refugit ; miserere Corinnæ ;
Dentes, quos dempsisti a Tempore, dentur ei.

E. G.

Cum multis aliis.

THE

THE HISTORY OF WHEATFIELD.

THE ancient *Villa* or Parish of WHEAT-FIELD lies on the South-west Part of the County of *Suffolk*, in the 52d Degree, 12 Minutes of Northern Latitude, and distant from *London* 66 Miles. It stands upon the South and East Side of a lofty Hill, and gradually rising from the River *Brett*, which begins at a Village called *Brettenham*, [a] *Britonum villa*, and ends at *Higham* in the said County, where it empties itself into the *Stour*, the River that parts *Suffolk* from *Essex*;

— Quo non alius per pinguia Culta
In Sturam puram dilectior influit amnis.

There are no less Number than five Bridges, three of Brick, and two of Wood, over the *Brett*, and five

[a] Baxt, Gloss.

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Water-mills, all within the Compass of three Miles; besides a Ford call *Overgang*, probably so named by the *Scots*, upon passing this River at that Place; the Word *Gang* being of [b] *Scotish* Extraction. These numerous Communications were made for the Sake and Convenience of carrying on the Traffick of Wheat; and the no less numerous Mills (all of them to this Day Corn-mills) were erected with a View to the same End; for it does not appear, from the oldest Records, that ever any Manufacture was established here, or any where near, so as to make this *Village* a Thorough-fare.

So noted was this Place, even since the Conquest, that it appears to have been made a Guide or Direction to the more obscure Villages adjacent; for in a Chartulary of the Grants to St. *John's* Abbey in *Colchester*, I find that *Geffrey de Amblé* gave four Acres of Land at *Elmsert*, near (*ignotum per notum*) WHEATFIELD.

Neither Post, Coach, nor Stage-Waggon, set out from hence, nor are they in the least wanted; for the Waggons, Tumbrels, and Horses of the Place are always sufficient to carry out the Inhabitants and their Commodities, as far as they have ever Occasion to go; and the single Postage of a Letter to *London* will amply pay a Messenger to the utmost Extent of their Correspondence.

[b] Johnson's Dict.

WHEAT-

WHEATFIELD was called by the *Romans*, VILLA FRUMENTARIA, and sometimes, hyperbolically, SICILIA BRITANNICA, for the Excellency and Plenty of Wheat growing therein. The *Saxons* called it *PHATEFELD*, *PHATE* signifying Wheat, and *FELD* Field; which the Moderns, for want of Skill in the *Saxon* Tongue, mistaking its Etymology, now corruptly call *WHATFIELD*. There are not wanting learned Men, I confess, who adhere to the vulgar Reading; and in support of it suppose, that the *Saxons*, out of Surprise and Amazement at the Fertility of the Place, cried out, *What Feld!* And from that Moment, according to the capricious and licentious Nomination of Men and Things of those Times, called it *WHATFELD*.

It appears to have been a *Roman* Station, from the frequent [c] *Fossæ* in many Parts of the *Villa*; and by the [d] Coins often plough'd up in a Field called *Castle* Field, to have been in their Hands from the Beginning of *Claudius* to the Death of *Valentinian* III^d; when the *Roman* Eagle took its Flight from

[c] *Dion. Amm. Mar.*

[d] *Camden* tells us, that from the Time of *Claudius* to that of *Valentinian*, the *Roman* Coin only was current in this Nation. It is certain all the Coins found here begin and end at those *Æra*'s. Upon all the *Reverses* are either CERES AVGVSTA or CERES FRVGLIFERA, with Emblems of Wheat Ears and Cornucopias; from which Circumstance I collect that this particular Money was coined for the Use of this Village, and that its Currency probably never exceeded the Boundaries of it,

Britain.

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Britain. There are no Remains of the *Castle*; but from the Eminence and Convenience of its Situation, it was excellently adapted to overlook the *Aratores* in tilling the Ground, and the *Messores* in reaping and gathering in the Harvest: For which reason it was probably the [e] *Castellum* of a *Præfectus Annonæ*, or *Frumenti*.

Not a *Roman Stadium* to the West, there is a very uncouth Declivity, and a Pit, where, no doubt, was the *Fornax calcaria*, to make Lime for building the *Castle*; the Soil being Chalk, and the Field called to this Day, according to the *Saxon* Translation, CYLN FELD, KILN-FIELD.

Towards the East stands an Edifice emphatically called the *Fornax*: Here was erected a *Fornax Lateraria*, as appears from the Excavations in many Parts about it, (now converted into Fish-ponds), and from the broken Roman *Tegulæ* and *Lateres*, found frequently in the adjacent Fields.

Part of the Parish Church is manifestly *Roman*, but how much larger the Structure was, and for what Use, is not so apparent: Perhaps, as it lies upon the [f] *Via Icenorum*, it was a *Horreum*, or Granary; which Supposition is much strengthened by its subsequent Use; for nothing could have induced the good Bishop to suffer a *Heathen* Building to be converted into a *Christian* Church, but that

[e] Rosin. Antiquit.

[f] Ant. Itin.

particular Circumstance of its having been a Repository for Wheat; that Grain being so often made use of symbolically to signify something much better.

The Parsonage House, encompassed by a Moat, is an ancient, though not a *Roman* Building; but it is not without some extraneous Ornaments of *Roman* Architecture, pick'd up perhaps from the Ruins of the [g] Temple erected to *Claudius*, which possibly stood in the same place, surrounded with [h] Water for the Convenience of Sacrificing. In a Cornice of exquisite Workmanship, there is a large *Roman* C, and some imperfect Figures of the Date V. C. but the Ignorance of some modern Inhabitant has defaced it, either by prefixing the initial Letter of his own Christian Name, or by giving a ridiculous Tail to another *Roman* C, (inscribed perhaps C. C. *Claudius Cæsar*) and so converting it into G; whom, upon searching the Parish Register, I take to have been the simple Rector, one *George Carter*.

In a Garden of modern Disposition belonging to the Parsonage, formerly called the Orchard, stands a *Grecian* Temple, built according to the Model *Andronicus Cyrrestes* gave to the *Athenians*. It is an Octogon, supported by eight *Ionic* Pillars; which Order being sacred to *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, *Ceres*, and *Diana*, it was, no doubt, dedicated to one of those Deities; and most probably to *Ceres*, as it is surrounded by some very rich Land, and looks over a

[g] Tac. Dion.

[h] Erasim. Adag.

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very fertile Country ; it being customary to build Temples in the Places most agreeable to the Deities. There is an Inscription upon the Entablature of one of the Pillars, that indeed puts it past all Dispute ; for, though defaced in some Letters, it is most easy to fill it up with the Name, &c. of that Deity, *ΕΡΕΠΙΣ ΣΥΝΤ ΟΜΝΙΑ ΜΥΝΥΣ, (i. e.) CERERIS SUNT OMNIA MUNUS [i].*

Some learned Antiquaries are of Opinion, that this Temple among other Spoils of *Greece*, was brought to *Rome*, and afterwards transported to *Britain*, and placed where it now stands, by *Claudius Cæsar* : But there is one fatal Objection to this Account, and that is the *Latin* Inscription upon it ; for *Claudius* was a Scholar, understood *Greek*, and valued Antiquities, and would not have been guilty of such an Inconsistency as to write in *Latin* upon an ancient *Grecian* Building : It is therefore much more probable, that this Temple was built here according to the *Grecian* Order, and dedicated and inscribed at the same time it was erected. It stands upon a very high Hill, open to the [k] rising Sun, and the Frontispiece is placed towards the West, according to the Custom of most Nations, who worshiped upon the [l] Tops of Mountains, with their Faces to the

[i] *Sunt pro sumus.* I cannot but observe the great Ingenuity of *Claudius* in his Choice of this Verse from *Qvid*. It is not pick'd up, like modern Quotations, from Passages, in all Respects but the mere Words, foreign to the Subject ; but is taken from a solemn Invocation upon the very Deity to whom the Temple is dedicated.

[k] *Virtruv.*

[l] *Archbishop Potter Lycoph. advers. 42.*

East.

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East. Near this Temple grow Oak, Yew, and Box Trees, planted there with a View to repair, or refit the Deity within; for we are told that, amongst the ancient *Greeks*, their Statues were made of [m] Wood, and that [n] Cypress, Cedar, Oak, Ash, Yew, and Box Trees were used for that Purpose.

*Felices populi, quorum nascuntur in hortis
Numina.* ———

This Temple is made of Wood and Plaister, and therefore cannot be supposed to be the identical Temple first erected here; though the Orders have been very exactly preserved; but, like the Royal Sovereign, [o] has been built and rebuilt till scarce a Plank is left of the original Structure. The Pavement is tessellated, *Mosaic*, corruptly called *Mosaic Work*.

There were many imperfect Letters and Words upon some *Scamna*, or Benches, disposed in different Parts of the Garden, which more than hints to us that obscene God *Priapus* had a Statue erected to him in one of the Fruit Quarters; for the *Priapeia Carmina* have *le haut Goût de Salaceté*, which discriminates them from all other *Carmina* whatever. The Modesty of modern Times has resolved the Doubt, *Cum faber incertus Scamnum, faceretne Priapum*, in favour of Decency, by converting, and as it were returning the *inutile lignum* to its native Purposes;

[m] Plutarch,

[n] Pausan,

[o] Burch. Nav. Hist.

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and I wish the Learned of Modern Times also had been able to read, because it would certainly have erased the filthy Inscriptions : However, I have had Interest enough to prevail with the present Possessor, upon convincing him of their Obscenity, by the Help of a Dictionary, to demolish them all. No Traces, no legible Appendages of this beastly Deity remain in the Garden. The same cannot be affirmed of the *Villa* ; for the Asses, which were at first introduced to furnish out a constant Supply of Victims to him, are now, upon the Cessation of annual Massacres, so increased as to be Nuisances to the whole Neighbourhood ; and unless some other friendly Cause of the same Sacrifices be invented to reduce their Number, they will, 'tis feared, in time over-run the whole Kingdom.— The Nakedness of the Boys and Girls, who are the *Formido avium* at certain Seasons of the Year, I do not consider as a Tincture of *Priapism*, or want of Modesty, but real Want of Cloathing.

In a shady and obscure Part of the same Garden, there remains very entire a *Gothic* Arch, built with black Flints, and directly over the Center of the Arch is placed an Angel, in a full-bottom'd Wig, cloathed with a Vestment of many Folds, tied together by a Bandage, not unlike what our Clergy call a Sash, with Wings fully expanded, bearing, and, as it were, presenting with both Hands, a Shield *Pearl*, a Fesse *Sable*, between three [p] Garbes *Or*,

[p] *Garbe* is a Sheaf of Corn. *Posito ad caput ejus frumenti manipulo, quem patria lingua Sheaf (Sceaf) dicimus, Gallice vero Garbam. M. Westm.*

supposed to have been devised according to the Properties, and Name of the Parish, WHEATFIELD. This Herald Angel seems to have been commissioned by the same Superstition that employed the like Sort of Minister to present the Arms of *France* to [q] *Clowis*, the first Christian King of that Nation.

I deliver this Conjecture as such, and do by no means assert it to be Matter of Fact; a cautionary Distrust not so generally acknowledged by Antiquaries; for one of these Gentlemen, after telling us, that *Helena*, upon digging for a Foundation for a Church, found three *Crosses*, very roundly asserts, that "for this very Reason it is, that the[r] Arms of *Colchester* are a (one) *Cross* between three *Crowns* or *Coronets*." Whereas it is much more probable, that these Arms owe their Being to the miraculous *Cross* and *Crown* exhibited to *Constantine*, which he wore afterwards in his Standard, his Shield, and his Banner; to which Monkish Superstition might add two *Crowns* more, for the Sake of the Sacred Number. In short, the *Cross*, as the general Emblem of Christianity, the *Cross* in the Shield of *St. George*, the *Cross* as the Badge of the *crossed* or *crouched* Friars of the Monastery of *Holy Cross* founded at *Colchester* in

[q] L'on tient, que par miracle la Sainte Ampvule, dont l'on se sert au sacre de ses successeurs, luy fut envoyée du Ciel aussi bien que l'auroflame ou étendart de guerre, & les fleurs de lys armes de roys de France, parce qu'il port ou auparavant écartelé au 1 & 4. d'azur à trois diademes d'or au 2 & 3. d'argent à 3 crapaux de Sinople. Histoire de France.

[r] Hist. of Colch. page 34.

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the Year 1244, without the Aid of this absurd ridiculous Story of *Helena*, might, any of them, more probably give Arms to *Colchester*. Three Crowns were once the Arms of *Britany*, three Crowns are now Part of the Arms of the *Skinners* Company, three Triple Crowns are the Arms of the *Drapers* Company; and one, two, or three Crowns are common Arms to Societies of Men incorporated by *Royal* Charter. But I forget myself; *Helena* did not find three Crowns, or Coronets, with the three Croffes, though “for this very Reason,” they engross the major Part of the Shield—*Risum teneatis, amici?*

Another of these Gentlemen, as full of the same flat unnatural Imagination, and as peremptory in his Conclusions from it, tells us, that the [s] Arms of *Dover* are an Highwayman on Horseback, robbing a Man on Foot; whereas, in Fact, they are St. *Martin* on Horseback, pulling off his Cloak to give it a Beggar on Foot: That very St. *Martin* to whom a Church was built at *Canterbury*, so early as the Time of the *Romans*, according to [t] *Bede*.

I should not have said thus much upon so trifling a Subject, if I was not under some Apprehensions that the Forgeries and Legerdemain of the 15th Century are reviving and practising at this Time; and that the Spirit of the Monk of *Viterbo* has taken up his Habitation in some *British* earthly Tabernacles;

[s] Ws. Notitia Parliament. Pag. 71.
lib. ii, chap. 26.

[t] Bede Hist. Eccles.

for a late Attempt upon *Milton* was as impudent and daring, as *Annius's* Publication of *Berosus Manetho*, *Matastenes*, *Archilochus*, &c.—And not only Authors, but Monuments of Antiquity have been also counterfeited, as appears from some very modern Inventions, as well as from many in *Gruter's* Collection of Inscriptions. In whatever Age, whether 1500, 1600 or 1748, Men grow inquisitive into Matters of Antiquity, Men of more Learning, and better Invention, immediately set themselves to work, to gratify their Curiosity; and such Things are so greedily swallowed by the less judicious, it is almost impossible to convince them of the Imposture. I beg Pardon for this Digression.

The *Gothic* Arch described above, is not sepulchral, but merely Monumental, and is probably a *Cenotaphium* to the Memory, or to quiet the *Manes*, of some *Briton* who deserved well of Agriculture.

On the more Western Side of the *Villa* lies a *Cretarium*, which was a [*u*] *Locus Sepulturae*; and by the Position of the many large Bodies found there, it appears to have been made since the Establishment of Christianity by the Emperor *Constantine*; for they all lie with their Faces to the East; an Exactness that could scarcely have been observed, in the more unsettled Times of that Religion; and there are no Signs of their having been turned since their first Interment. A Thigh-bone of uncommon Size

[*u*] *Rosin. Antiq.*

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was lately dug up in an adjoining Village, which an ingenious Antiquary obtained, by giving his Promissory Note to return it upon Demand of the proper Owner.

About the Centre of the *Villa*, there is a large Field, in which most probably the Feasts, the *Stativa Feria* on the 7th of the Kalends of *May*, to *Robigus*, and from him called *Robigalia*, were celebrated: They were instituted to invoke the Aid of that Deity [*] *ad arcendam a satis Rubiginem*, &c. At these Feasts, as at the *Saturnalia*, Intemperance, and all Kinds of Licentiousness had their full Swing; so that in early Times that Confusion of Sense, and Debility of Limbs which Intoxication occasions, was called a *Robigation*, or sometimes a *Robigation*. These Feasts are now obsolete and unobserved, but there is another to *Ceres* at the ending of Harvest, which always concludes, if I may be allowed the Expression, with a *Robigation*. From hence Superstition has possessed the Inhabitants, that, drunk or sober, it is impossible to find the Way out of this Field in the Dark, but that every one, that is so hardy as to make the Experiment, is *Roblet-led*; by which they mean led by some Ghost or Phantom; whereas in Truth nothing at first was intended, but only that those who had dipped too deep in the Pleasures of Festivity, and could not walk, were *Robigated*, or *Robigaled*, when they could not get out of the Field.

[*] Varr. Plin.

This Institution, pious in itself, was adopted by *Mamercus* Bishop of *Vienne*, afterwards by *Sidonius* Bishop of *Clermont*, and in the beginning of the sixth Century, the first Council of *Orleans* appointed that it should be yearly observed to the true God. At the Reformation, when all Processions were abolished, yet, for retaining the Perambulations of the Circuits of Parishes, it was ordained that People shall, once a Year, at the Time accustomed, assemble together to give Thanks to God for the Increase and Abundance of the Fruits upon the Face of the Earth, and go the Circuit of their several Parishes; which Usage is still kept up, but, I am afraid, the religious Part is generally neglected; for instead of Men's returning Thanks, they are too commonly engaged in filching and purloining, here and there, a little Piece of Land from their Neighbours; and the Day ends too frequently with an Abuse of those very Creatures for which they should return Thanks.

There are *Disci*, *Sympuviae*, and *Pateræ*, [y] to be met with in almost every House, but they are not put to very religious Uses. *Fibulae* are very rare, or unnoticed; owing, probably, to the confined Idea Men have of the Rotundity of a *Button*; whereas the Roman *Fibula* was of various Forms: I have lately been favoured with the Sight of one by a Lady: It is about three Inches long, regularly tapered, and sharp pointed; in all Respects like the Roman *Fibula* found at [z] *Ribchester* in *Lancashire*, except the Curvature.

[y] *Rosin. Antiq.*

[z] *Leigh Hist. Lancash.*

By the Devices engraved on it, *viz.* the *Arcus* and *Sagittæ*, it seems to have been a Pin of the modest Goddess *Diana*;—*Subnectit fibula vestem*. It has a small Eye at the larger End, as the Roman *Acus*, through which something of Lace or Bobin might be drawn (as a Nail through the [a] Linch-pin of an Axle-tree, to keep the wheel on) that the *Fibula* might not at any Time slip out, and expose the Nakedness of that chaste Deity. I shall not dispute it with the learned, if they choose to suppose, that this is a *Fibula Chirurgica*; and that the *Arcus* and *Sagittæ* are as well Emblems of *Apollo*, the God of Physick; though such an Explanation subjects the Faculty to idle Jokes, and Reflexions; and it had certainly been more decent, if not more just, to have given Emblems of his healing, rather than of his murdering Capacity. This Instrument probably the *Pollinētores* made use of to lard the dead Bodies, it had killed, with the more stringy, though unctuous Sorts of Spices. It is now used, *O Tempora! O Mores!* as a Bodkin.

There are but two Names remaining in the *Villa* of *Roman* Extraction; (*viz.*) the *Rufil* Family, probably descended from that Fop *Rufillus* recorded by *Horace*; but it is much departed from all idle Taste of Essences and Perfumes: And the *Vince* Family, from those hardy People the *Veientes*, [b] or *Vincētes*, as they should be called, so early incorporated with the *Romans*: And much of that Robustness continues in this athletic Family.

[a] Vitruv.

[b] Liv.

After the Departure of the *Romans*, and upon the Irruption of the *Scots* and *Picts*, this Village was again made a Settlement of the Enemy; [c] but they proved less cruel and oppressive than was expected; for when they had filled their hungry Bellies, they laid themselves down at their Ease, and gave little Molestation; for the ancient Inhabitants, observing the pacific Power of Plenty and Fulness, took Care to avail themselves of it; and accordingly appointed Officers, not unlike the Keepers of wild Beasts, to ply them, whenever they seemed restless, with Dumpling; the *Tertium quid* of chemical Cookery, from those two simple Ingredients, Meal and Water, *Gildas*, indeed, that sorrowful Historian, with a peculiar Propensity to turn every thing into Lamentation, deduces their Savageness and Cruelty from some innocent Posts, erected for a different Purpose, by supposing them Engines and Gibbets of Torture, for the poor Natives of this Place. But a late eminent Antiquary, though he has not given us the true Use of them, has certainly led us to it. He fancies from an old Manuscript, that these were Mile and *rubbing* Posts; and then with an Imagination as airy as *New-Market* itself, talks of Matches and King's Plates being run for on this two Mile Course; not considering, that if the Soil has continued from the Flood, in the State it is now in, it was always too deep and heavy for such Diversions. 'Tis much more probable that Worms or Mould

[c] Gild. Bed.

have robbed his Manuscript of two Letters S C, and that it was *scrubbing* instead of *rubbing* Posts; a Contrivance not less politic than the other of feeding their Enemies; *Optimus, quos pascere et scabere, est triumphus*: For Naturalists inform us, that all cutaneous Distempers, even those that spring from Poverty of Blood, are always inflamed by high living; and that a thriving is constantly an itching Condition; a Sensation so pleasing with, and so intolerable without scratching, that Instinct has directed brute Beasts under such Titillations to assist one another; and from thence comes the *Latin Proverb, Scabunt mutuo Muli.*

The Religion of these People did by no means require Temples, and their want of Taste and Elegance made them quite indifferent about the Order of their other Buildings; so that the Huts they erected, which are the greater Part now standing, are rather Dormitories, than Houses of any other Accommodations. They left behind them no good, nor, indeed, wicked Customs; but many that were clownish and indelicate: Such as blowing the Nose without a Handkerchief,—sitting down to Dinner without a Table-cloth,—and doing the Occasions of Nature over a Rail, or a Battling. They left no *Nostrums* but what were culinary, such as how to make Frumentary, and Hasty Pudding, and no Distemper, but the Itch, for which they will be always had in Remembrance. Many of these People, enamoured with the Plenty, and change of Diet, peaceably settled here, and some of their Posterity are

are still remaining in the Village. Of the first, are the *Johnstouns*, the *Stewards*, and a numerous Family, provincially called, *Scots*, who coming in a hurry left their proper Names behind them. Of the second, are the *Greens*, the *Browns*, and the *Osborn* Family, which latter, though written with an *O*, according to the broad Pronunciation of those People, is, orthographically, *Asborn*, a Word synonymous to naked. To the *Picts* we are indebted for the *Barberry*, the *Saffron*, the *Woad*, and the *Madder*, so useful, and even necessary, in Dying.

The *Saxons* succeeded next, who, coming by [a] Invitation of the *Britons*; and as Friends and Allies, were neither formidable to the Village, nor, at first, injurious to it; but rather set out as Benefactors, correcting some Errors, and filling up some Omissions their Predecessors had been guilty of. But this peaceable and improving Spirit lasted a very little Time; for as soon as their treacherous Leader concluded a Peace with the *Picts*, this little Detachment, *Regis ad Exemplum*, dealt as treacherously with the Natives of this Village; entering into Leagues and Cabals with the *Scots* and *Picts* now settled here: And had it not been for the many *Fossæ* and Intrenchments of the *Romans* which the Natives were luckily possessed of, they had been totally extirpated. But in Process of Time these Animosities ceased, and indeed a perfect Amity commenced between the two People: The *Britons* returned to the Plough, and tilling the Ground, and the *Saxons*

[a] Gild. Bed.

busied themselves in mechanical Employments. They made Doors to the Hutts erected by the *Scots* and *Picts*, built Chimnies which the former never heard of, and made Windows which they never wanted. They carved huge Columns for Bedposts, and embossed Bread-and-Cheese Cupboards; set Tables upon magnificent Pillars, and Chairs upon Cloven Feet. They prayed a Faculty for building a Church, and another for Liberty to make Use of the [e] Roman *Horreum* as a Part; both which they obtained for the customary Fees, so religiously due, upon *Deodands*: And that stately Structure, all but the Steeple, which is now the Parish Church, is the pious Effect of the good Bishop's Indulgence, and the *Saxons* Devotion. The almost angular arched Door-ways, the loaded Windows with gouty Pillars and *Gothic* Devices, like so many Centinels placed there to keep the Light out, the *Harpies* to hang Hats on, and the Devil's Faces on the Cieling to turn our Devotion into Horror; the *Dragons* spouting Water without, and the *Dolphins* breathing the Holy-Fire within, are all the unnatural Invention of the *Saxons*.

There are, at least, two *Saxon* Families now in the Village, viz. the *Edgars* and the *Cuthberts*: the first, though descended from the King of that Name, is no more than a poor Day-Labourer; and the latter's vast Possessions here are reduced to a small Farm of ten Pounds *per Ann.* Such is the Instability

[e] Cod. Theod. de Paganis.

of human Greatness, so averse are the Laws of Providence to a Perpetuity of earthly Grandeur !

The [f] *Danes* were not long landed in this Island, before they sent a Detachment to secure this important Village ; and they entered it on the South Side, at a Gate called, to this Day, for that Reason, *Enter Lond-Gate* ; as a Memorial of their Entrance upon the Land of Wheat and Plenty at that very Place : But they were not so easily admitted, as the former Depredators had been ; the *Britons*, the *Scots*, and *Picts*, and the *Saxons* joining Forces, and with great Unanimity opposing them. There are several round Hillocks, which was the usual Form of a *Danish* Intrenchment, cast up in different Parts of the Village ; now, indeed, called Mill-Hills, through Mistake, or perhaps with modern Propriety ; because some Wind-mills may, since those Times, have been erected upon them. How long they lay in this hostile Manner, and whether they forced their Way, or entered upon Capitulation, neither *William of Malmshury*, nor *Matthew of Westminster* inform us ; but certain it is, they staid long enough to fix some of their Language ; such as GRAVE from *Grape tegere*, to cover, and GAFFER from *Gapepe* which signifies Master ; a Word in such general Use here, that within the Space of thirty Years, there was but one Man, except the Parson, that was ever accosted by any other Term of Salutation. The same may be said of GAMMER for Mistress.

[f] Sim. Dunelm. Florent.

There

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There are no Buildings we can style *Danish*, nor any Remains of their mechanick Abilities, except a few [g] Grave Rails, laid over some Persons of *Danish* Extraction; and these are ill proportioned, and needlessly inform us of their Use, by confused Representations of Hour-Glasses, Scythes, Skulls and Skeletons. The *Danes* gave the Bells to the Church, as appears from the only legible Word on them, viz. *Gud*, which signifies God.

In a Parlour belonging to a Farm-house called the *Rockery*, there was a remarkably large Dormer of *Chestnut*, and about the Middle of it, the following Inscription cut with a Knife or a Chizzel; which, for the Sake of the latter Date's being a *Danish* Period, I shall examine in this Place. The Inscription was, WARTER. IOHN. C. I. T. S. 449. D. B. M. W. T. 994. It has been seen by many Antiquaries, and their Sentence has been always, that one JOHN WATER, a Block-head, that did not know his Heels from his Head, and could not spell his own Name, was the Author of it; and the initial Letters, or Abbreviations and Dates have been considered as the Reveries of an idle Head, or a fortuitous Hand; to which Opinion I have always subscribed; but reading lately, upon a Tomb-stone in a neighbouring Church, a Monumental Inscription [b] of very modern Date,

[g] Ingulph.

[b] Here Lyeth Buried the Body of
Mrs. Francis Foorthe, who departed this
Life the 20th of September, 1725.

Aged 78 Years.

D.	B.	M.	I.	T.
Done	By	Me	John	Turner.

with

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with Abbreviations like some of those before described, I was encouraged to attempt a Solution, a second Time. D. B. M. W. T. by the Help of this Clue, I soon found to signify *Done. By. Me. William. T*—suppose *Turner*, for perhaps it is the Humour of this Family to abbreviate in this Manner. By the same Light I discovered that WARTER. IOHN did not cut the Inscription, but was recorded by it. I next considered what remarkable *Æra* 449 was; and found it was the very Year VORTIGERN struck a League with *Hengist* the Saxon, C. I. T. S, I then fancied signified *Called. In. The. Saxons*, but what to do with WARTER IOHN I knew not, write and spell him how you will; because no Man of that Name is mentioned in the History of those Times. At last, by frequently repeating WARTER IOHN, I discovered the Sound of VORTIGERN; and that Name suiting, both the first Abbreviations, and the Date, I concluded the Author, through Ignorance, or Punning, or *Ænigmatic Ingenuity*, which are much alike in their Operations, has enveloped and perplexed the Thing, but must mean *Prince VORTIGERN*.

But be the Fate of this Decyphering what it will, it is certain the Dates, which are very plain, and no ways conjectural, may be of Use, towards clearing up the *Æra* when Numeral Figures, or *Arabian Characters*, came first into Use in *England*; or, at least towards proving, that they were used before the Year 1250 or 1300, contrary to the Assertions of *Father Mabillon* and *Gerard J. Vossius*; for this numeral Date 994, added to the famous Date at *Colchester*

1090,

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1090, taken Notice of by [i] Mr. *Thomas Lufkin* of that Town, and to that other of A^d. Doⁱ. M^o. 133, at *Helmdon* in *Northamptonshire* by [k] Dr. *John Wallis*, are not to be condemned as Forgeries, because [l] a learned Man has said, “ *Mabillon* and *Vossius* were “ too good Judges to be imposed upon in the *Æra* “ of Numerals.”

There are numerous Branches of one *Danish* Family, viz. the *Garrolds*, still remaining in the Village, remarkable only for the Wideness of their Mouths, and the undeviating Poverty of their condition; for 'tis said, that from their first Settling here in the Year 1017, to the present Year 1758, there never was one of them worth a Shilling.

Some awkward Customs, or Habits remain in the Village, which seem to be of *Saxon Extræction*, but not being certain whether they may not be *Danish*, I suspended my Account of them till I had taken notice of some small Traces and Remains of the *Danes*: I shall now leave it to the Judgment of the Reader to ascribe them to either, or to both, as his greater Skill in the History and Customs of those Times and Nations shall incline him. I call them *Customs* or *Habits*, because they were no other at first, but I mean those Superinductions in the Progeny, which they derive, not by Imitation, but from the very Loins of their Progenitors; for as Custom is proverbially called second Nature, so when uniformly prac-

[i] Phil. Transact. Aug. 1699. N^o 255. [k] Phil. Transact. Dec. 1683. N^o. 154. [l] Jeb's Biblioth. Literaria.

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tised through two or three Generations, it becomes a part of the first in later Posterity.

The Custom of holding the Wig on with the left Hand, while the Hat is taken off with the right, is an inbred Caution derived from their Ancestors, who wore [m] Wool-wigs, which adhered to the Cap, and could not be separated without the utmost Care; but now Hats and Hair-wigs are in Fashion, which are generally well lubricated with Oil, or Hogs-lard, there seems to be no Occasion for it.—The Custom of carrying their own [n] Knives to an Entertainment, and refusing to make Use of the Knives laid upon the Table, is an inbred Caution derived from their Ancestors, who, in those unsettled Times, probably suspecting the Knives of their Host might be insidiously blunted, carried their own, in case of a Surprise.—The Custom of setting the Knife bolt upright upon the Table, as soon as it has cut a Mouthful, is an inbred Posture of Defence derived from their Ancestors, who made Knives Weapons to guard themselves, and to be Surety for their Friends, that they should receive no Harm while they were drinking [o] —The Custom of eating without a Fork, is an inbred Habit derived from their Ancestors, who would not incumber both Hands at a time; but is now an useless Piece of Slovenness; and yet as *Horace* says,

[m] Blasii. Episc. Reliq. vulgo voc. Flocculi. [n] Howii. op.

[o] This Custom in *pledging* one in drinking, (*i. e.*) to be Surety for his Safety at that Time, was occasioned by the Practice of the *Danes*, who frequently used to stab, or cut the Throats of one another, while they were drinking.

Naturam

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret,

for they will throw them down as fast as you lay them.—The Custom of sitting at Arm's Length from the Table, is an inbred Distance derived from their Ancestors, whose *gouty* Legs to their Tables would not suffer Men to come nearer; but in these more modern and shapeable Times quite unnecessary.

That these were the prudent and even necessary Customs of their *Saxon* or *Danish* Ancestors, or both, is very evident; and that they were delivered down to their Posterity in the Channel I have mentioned, seems very probable; for nothing but the Force of first, or second Nature, which goes its own Way, in Defiance of Fashion or Ridicule, could continue Customs, now so apparently unnecessary, troublesome, and indelicate.

Nothing since the Conquest of this Island by the Duke of *Normandy*, commonly called WILLIAM the Conqueror, has happened to this Village in particular; in general he, and, for his sake, his Ancestors, seem to have been great Favourites here, as well as all over *England*. The famous *Clameur de HA-RO* is a Proof of it; for, though now fallen among Carters and Ploughmen, and by them converted into a Language, like Pedlar's *French*, HA, HO, HAYT, HO, &c. to their Horses, it was at first an Invocation, by all Ranks of Men, upon Duke ROLLO, under any Difficulties, even

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by Carters themselves, when their Waggon was set in bad Roads; RO being a current and established Abbreviation of the Duke's Name. The Invocation was [p] HARO *al' aide, mon Prince!* The latter Part of which has been here, (*Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra*) as well as elsewhere, profaned, by a very false Interpretation, to some little Curfes and Imprecations; it being almost a general Belief among the Vulgar, that when Men speak *French*, or any *Outlandish Linguo*, they swear, or talk Bawdy.

The *Corfew* Bell is not rung here, because there is not one in the Steeple that has voice enough to be heard throughout the Parish; but the Order and Custom is observed by all the better Sort; the Poor, by a Fatality that runs through their whole Oeconomy, are the only People that burn Fire and Candle after eight o'Clock at Night; by which Mismanagement they waste a Penny to earn an Half-penny, if they work; but too often their Farthing Candle serves only to make Darkeness visible for much worse Purposes.—For this Reason I have often thought, that if Authority would order the *Corfew* Bell to be rung, or a Bell-man to go round every Parish, at eight at Night, throughout the Kingdom, (instead of disturbing us in our Beds at twelve or one in the Morning) with a *Veto esse tale Luminis commercium*, Put out your Lights, at every Man's Door, who does not pay *Scot and Lot*, it would be better for

[p] Falle's Acc. of Jersey.

the Poor, for their Neighbours, and for the Commonwealth.

The present State of this Parish differs nothing from the ancient in Point of Fruitfulness. The People by Intermarriages, and *other ways*, have passed through so many Combinations, that they all sit down under the common Denomination of *English*. They are Christians, as appears *most evidently* from the Parish Register; and all of them, when they do not stay at Home, go to the same Place of Worship; except one — — —, who retaining some Tenets of his *British* Paganism, pays his Devotions under an Oak, or a Walnut-Tree, with a modern *Druid*, every Sabbath-Day.—There have been but two Houses erected of late Years; the one seemingly contrived by *Eli*, a Jew-Christian Family settled here; for it is built without a Staircase, upon the *Jewish* Model of *climbing*, not walking up, to Bed. The other I know not by whom; but it is upon a very inhospitable Plan (quite contrary to the Tempers of the late Inhabitants) for the Chimnies are so placed, it is difficult to get in at the Door.—The prevailing Taste runs much upon building Temples to *Cloachina*, and *Menageries* for Wild-Boars; Structures in themselves beautiful, but at the Expence of that noble *Roman* Way, the *Via Icenorrum* that leads through the Parish, which they narrow and obumbrate.—The Morals of the People are like the Morals of other Men, of the same Rank; not the worse perhaps for the Advice of their Parson, of whom they seem to entertain a tolerably good
Opinion

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Opinion. The Parson [q] has begot himself Children, made himself Gardens and Orchards, and planted Trees in them of all Kinds. He hath made himself Pools of Water, to water therewith the Trees; and he has had Possession of *great* Cattle above all that were in WHEATFIELD before him.

—VALEAT RES LUDICRA.—

[q] This Passage alludes to the Rector's numerous Family of nine Children—To his Love for Gardens and Plantations—To his making some small Pieces of Water, and to his very accidental Breeding and Feeding a large Bullock, that, after Sale, was made a Shew of.

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